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'TIS commonly aſſerted among the *Painters*, and generally believ'd among the People, that *Hiſtory-Painting* is not encourag'd in *England*, in Compariſon to what it is abroad. I believe this is Truth; but ſtill I muſt beg Leave to inſinuate, in my Turn, that, as long as ſuch prodigious Prices are daily given, for fine Pieces of that Nature, from abroad, I will never believe it would not grow more into Repute, if any *Raphael* or *Rubens* ſhould ariſe to awake the Attention of the Publick with freſh Maſter-Pieces of Colouring, Paſſions, and Invention.

The Matter of Fact is, thoſe of any Genius in our Schools, find Portraits ſo much eaſier to excel in, and ſo much nearer a Road to Profit, that they never once aſk themſelves whether they could ſucceed in Hiſtory, or no. Sir *James Thornhill* and Mr. *Hogarth* are almoſt the only Perſons who have lately made it their Study, and I am ſure no Body can ſay they have not found their Account in it both in Intereſt and Reputation.

'Tis true, the Religious Orders, in the *Catholick* Countries, have been great and liberal Patrons of this Study; and, the Reaſon is plain: By a little Eccleſiaſtick Craft, they found their Account in it themſelves; and turn'd that into Superſtition, which ought to have been Decoration only: 'Tis owing to their Abuſe of this noble Art, that 'tis in Diſgrace with us, with Regard to Church-Ornament: All Reformations run into Exceſs, and while we aboliſh what is criminal, we are too apt to treſpaſs upon what is uſeful. 'Tis my Opinion, that holy and devout Pictures are no Fault in themſelves, and 'tis certain they have a very fine Effect in making the Face of Religion gay and beautiful. I would therefore recommend this Uſe of them to the Clergy, and other Superintendants of Church-Revenues: That even Devotion itſelf might be made inſtrumental in the Encouragement of Taſte and Politeneſs.

All publick Buildings too, ſuch as Hoſpitals, Courts of Juſtice, Theatres, City-Halls, *&c.* afford noble Opportunities for Works of Genius; and I am much aſtoniſh'd to ſee ſuch Sums laviſh'd on the Out-ſides, and ſuch Meanneſs and Poverty within: Again, when Things of this Nature are undertaken, I would not have the Performer choſen by his Price, but Capacity: Ornament muſt be perfect, or it loſes its very Eſſence; and 'tis equally impoſſible for a Man of no Abilities to do any Thing perfect, or another of the greateſt, without due Reward to anſwer his Time and Trouble.

Stair-Caſes ſeem now to be the only Refuge for this Kind of Painting, and theſe are ſo often done by the Foot, that ſcarce one in twenty deſerves Notice; unleſs to wonder how Men could lay out their Money ſo ill, or miſtake ſuch wretched Daubings for Ornament and Beauty. My Lord *Tankerville*'s, done by Signior *Amiconi*, is one of the beſt about Town; but even that is liable to much Criticiſm, as ſhall be demonſtrated more at large in our next Paper.

To the AUTHOR *of the* WEEKLY REGISTER.

SIR,

AS you ſeem to devote your Paper wholly to Subjects of Taſte and Politeneſs, and have particularly given us a Critique on the Buildings and other Ornaments of this City, I am of Opinion the incloſ'd Poem will be thought very much of a Piece with your Deſign; and I am ſure your publiſhing it will greatly oblige many of your Readers, as well as, Sir, *Your moſt humble Servant*,

TASTE *and* BEAUTY. *An Epiſtle to the Right Hon. the Earl of* Cheſterfield.

PARDON th' officious Muſe, my Lord, whoſe Strain
First welcomes you to *Britain*'s Shore again!
In *Britain*'s Name ſhe ſtrikes the vocal Strings,
And a *whole Nation* dictates what ſhe ſings;
No venom'd Flatt'ry need corrupt her Lays,
The higheſt Glory is our Country's Praiſe.
Many deſerve, but few acquire Renown;
For Envy keeps the riſing Trophy down:
But Honour ſhines with all her Rays on you,
And Envy *plea'd* confeſſes *all* your Due.
A while we ſpar'd you to a foreign Coaſt,
And, when we moſt admir'd, lamented moſt;
We ſpar'd you to *adorn* the *Britiſh* Name,
And, with *your own*, increaſe your Country's Fame;
Contending Pow'rs in laſting League to bind,
And toil, for Years, to reconcile Mankind.
But, when your wiſh'd Return was long delay'd,
And thwarting Int'reſts new Confuſion made,
Our former Pride became our preſent Pain,
And *Britain* for her Fav'rite pin'd again.
At laſt you link'd the many-jointed Band,
And the *Work* owns the mighty *Workman*'s Hand;
Fair *Union* ſmiles, the *Olive* blooms anew,
And the *firſt Wreath* the *Muſe* preſents to you.
O deign, great Judge of *Taſte!* once more to ſmile
On dying *Verſe*, and bleſs the *Muſe*'s Toil;
No leſs a Genius can ſupport her Cauſe,
No leſs Example guide her to Applauſe:
Her Pride is but to learn where you excel,
And *tamely* copy what you paint ſo well.
—— So ſhould ſome *Student* his raw Genius try,
In *Guido*'s Style, and under *Guido*'s Eye,
The trembling Sketch would baffle the Deſign,
And the weak Colours prove as faint as mine;
My Fear, and my Succeſs with his agree;
What *Guido* is to him, are You to me.
Taſte is a Mark ſo ſmall, no common Sight
Can guide th' uncertain Arrow to the White;
Like Wit, and Humour, 'tis a ſubtle Theme,
An unknown Subſtance, but familiar Name:
All talk as if the Standard were their own,
And each enjoy'd the ſacred Teſt alone;
But none eſſay the Bullion in the Mine,
Or ſhew the Royal Impreſs on their Coin;
As well an *Infant's Hand* might ſtrive to raiſe
The Rocky-Land-Marks of *Herculean* Days;
Such as, in *Homer*, Giant *Ajax* throws;
Such as would ſprain a Dozen modern Beaux.
Taſte to the Mind is like the Mode in Dreſs,
What all admire, and covet to poſſeſs;
But, oft deceiv'd in both, the publick Voice
Mocks its own Fondneſs by an idiot Choice;
In vain Opinion ſooths our little Pride,
In vain light Fancy roams a random Guide;
Opinion alters, Fancy knows no Bound,
Error begins, and Folly ends the Round:
The Want of Beauty Want of Taſte betrays,
And *Elegance* alone can merit Praiſe.
True Taſte's the Reliſh which the Mind receives
From Harmony, the Joy which Beauty gives!
'Tis born of Genius, but 'tis nurs'd by Art,
The Head's the Fountain, tho' it reach the Heart;
If Genius forms the Image in the Mind,
'Tis Taſte corrects what Genius has deſign'd:
Nature's the Body, Genius is the Soul,
But Taſte unites them both, and reconciles the Whole:
As from the Stars, that gem the Brow of Night,
Deſcends one common Stream of blended Light,
So Taſte muſt flow from Wiſdom's Rays divine,
And in one gen'ral Conſtellation ſhine.
Wiſdom, like Day-light, journey'd from the Eaſt,
And *Egypt* firſt beneath her Dawn was bleſt;
Here the firſt Sculptors form'd the mimick Stone,
And *Building* roſe by Precepts of their own;
Hence *Thebes*, with all her hundred Gates, became
The Seat of Beauty, and the Boaſt of Fame:
Hence the huge *Pyramids* ſuperbly riſe
To load the Earth, and almoſt prop the Skies:
Fram'd to endure rude Time's deſtructive Rage,
The World's juſt Wonder down thro' ev'ry Age!
At the ſtrong Baſe the envious *Dæmon* ſtands,
And ſhakes the Weight with unavailing Hands;
Secure the fearleſs Monuments remain,
Alone exempted from his Tyrant-Reign.
Greece form'd her Taſte in *Egypt*'s elder Schools,
But into Science wrought their vagrant Rules;
Hence Art was taught, to have an End in View,
Grace to adorn, and Method to perſue;
From *right* and *fit* the curious Maſter plan'd,
And Grace and Beauty roſe beneath his Hand;
Hence the plain *Dorique* was the Villa's Pride,
And *Pork-Work* Temples deck'd the Ocean's Side;
The grave *Ionick* tow'r'd in King's Abodes,
And proud *Corinthian* ſhrin'd the immortal Gods.
To *Greece* th' *Epheſian* Temple owes its Fame,
And *Grecian* Artiſts rear'd the matchleſs Frame;
So bold, ſo beauteous was the vaſt Deſign,
So grand without, ſo elegant within,
That *Greece* itſelf the finiſh'd Wonder prais'd,
And Envy burn'd what Art divine had rais'd.
From *Greece* to *Rome* the Muſes took their Flight,
And the rough Vet'ran learn'd to be polite;
The Trump of War by Fits forgot to roar,
And Science ſmil'd where Slaughter rag'd before;
The Quarry's Womb is ſcoop'd of all its Load
To ſtretch, from Realm to Realm, th' *eternal Road.*
The labour'd *Aqueduct* from far conveys
The borrow'd Floods, and winds thro' many a Maze;
Of empty'd Urns the River-Gods complain,
And *Neptune* aſks their Tribute-Waves in vain;
Th' Ethereal Pow'rs, with Pleaſure, from the Skies,
Behold their own majeſtic Domes ariſe;
Th' aſpiring Capitol's diſtinguiſh'd Pile
Like *Jove*'s own Tow'rs adorns the ſacred Hill.
The ample *Circus* ſpreads its ſpacious Plain,
For War a Field! For Ships a floating Main!
The pompous *Theatre*'s amazing Bound
Incloſes Nations in its mighty Round;
Row above Row the even Ranks appear,
And Arches groan beneath the Load they bear:
The Mountain *Obeliſk*'s ſtupendous Weight
An huge *Coloſſus* riſes rude and great!
The *Heroe*'s *Column* props the Heroe's Fame,
And *Roman* Triumphs hail the *Roman* Name.
Thrice happy Realms! where Genius held Command,
And ſtretch'd a regal Sceptre o'er the Land;
Where Taſte and Science only were the *Mode*,
And publick Spirit plan'd the publick Good;
Where all, with equal Zeal, aſpir'd to join
In ev'ry noble and auguſt Deſign;
Their Country's Fame was their peculiar Pride,
The wild *Barbarians* ſhar'd in all beſide.
Now, where is now this gen'rous Ardour fled?
Are Taſte and Science number'd with the Dead?
No more the Angel-Twins maintain their Sway,
No more the Realms their heav'nly Voice obey:
But Ignorance attends to Folly's Tale,
And Rudeneſs, Sloth, and Luxury prevail.
—— Amid ſome Moſs-grown Temple's ſad Remains,
Forlorn *Antiquity* deſerted reigns
The God of Ruins! venerably gray,
In faded Majeſty, and proud Decay:
Peace, Melancholy, Silence wait around,
And Heav'n-bred Horror guards the Holy Ground;
Like awful Statues of the Gods they ſtand,
A muſing, penſive, ſolitary Band!
Time views the Groupe with a reſpectful Eye,
Loth to deſtroy, and gently paſſes by,
Employs whole Ages to conſume his Prey,
Nor rudely drives its guardian Pow'rs away.
Genius of Beauty! Art's unerring Guide!
The Soul of Science! and the Muſe's Pride!
Bear my ambitious Soul thro' ev'ry Clime,
Where *Structure* groans beneath the Hand of Time!
Give me to wander round each ſacred Fane,
And learn the Graces wrought by Thee in vain!
Point me the Spot where *Wonder* ſhould behold,
In its beſt Light, what *Judgment* fram'd of old!
Penſively propt on ſome dead Heroe's Urn,
At once I ſhall admire, and praiſe, and mourn;

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Explain the ſimple Sketch, the mere Deſign,
And all the Charms of Figure, Line by Line;
How Circles, Squares, and Angles beſt agree,
When tun'd to Muſick's Laws, and rang'd by Thee!
Tell where the Contraſte ſpeaks a Maſter-Hand,
That tam'd the jarring Forms to full Command,
And, from diſcordant Lines, could raiſe, at Will,
One beauteous Whole, a Monument of Skill!
Now bid the many-arched Vault aſcend,
And far the long-retreating Iſle extend!
Let the grand Portal throw the Proſpect wide,
And juſt Perſpective ſtretch from Side to Side!
'Tis thine to catch the pleas'd Spectator's Eye,
Deceive with diſtant Views, and charm with nigh;
Make the Sight ach, that down the Viſta ſtrays,
Or cheque the Glance, and thwart the broken Rays;
Bid the broad Lights from Space to Space deſcend,
And anſw'ring Shades the ſoft Gradation end.
—— Thee, Goddeſs! Thee both Light and Shade obey,
Well pleas'd to follow where thou lead'ſt the Way,
Hence Objects court the View, and hence decline,
And *Painting* copies all her Charms from thine.
Celeſtial Eſſence! teach the proper Place
For ſculptur'd Pomp, and ornamental Grace!
Where Grandeur elegantly makes its Claim,
And Coſt but adds new Beauty to the Frame:
Where Trophies flouriſh in the nobleſt Style,
And the proud Statue crowns the Builder's Toil.
In Decoration *Fancy* claims a Part,
As more akin to Genius, than to Art;
But Fancy's tow'ring Wing, in all its Pride,
Muſt ſtoop to Thee, for Thou art *Fancy*'s Guide.
In Thee Perfection lives, and reigns alone,
And all the Graces are reduc'd to one.
—— Take me, bright Goddeſs! take me to thy Arms,
Diſplay thy Sweets, and open all thy Charms!
Thee, thro' the Vaſt of Nature, I perſue,
And keep thy lov'd Idea ſtill in View;
From Matter's rudeſt Form, the rough Rock's Brow,
To the green Vale that *Flora* paints below;
From the black Storm, when Winter rides the Air,
To the ſtill Calm, when Summer glads the Year;
From the rich Waſte of Autumn's fruitful Reign,
To Spring's Return, when Nature wakes again.
In Earth's dark Womb thy Footſtep I adore,
Kindling the Gem, and rip'ning Golden Oar;
To the blue Vault of Heav'n I wond'ring riſe,
And trace thy Glories thro' th' unbounded Skies:
The vegetable Birth, the firſt Eſſay
Of paſſive Life, with Rapture I ſurvey;
From Plants and Flow'rs alike thy Hand appears
To *Jove*'s own Tree, that lives three hundred Years.
Thro' the Brute-World more pleas'd I wander ſtill;
The Dawn of Reaſon waits upon thy Will,
And all declares Variety of Skill:
In humane Race thy Maſter-Piece I ſee,
A Genius form'd to praiſe and copy Thee:
Hence *Painting* forms, and Colours firſt deſign'd,
And *Science* learn'd the Beauties of the Mind:
Hence marble Heroes gave to *Sculpture* Fame,
And *Building* rear'd the monumental Frame.
Hence *Muſick* tun'd the many-ſounding String,
And hence to thy Applauſe the *Muſes* ſing.
Queen of Delight! like thy own *Venus* riſe,
Day-Star of Taſte to our benighted Skies!
While great *Auguſtus* rolls the Orb of Day,
And Senſe revives beneath his genial Ray.
—— If Arts are foreign to our barb'rous Coaſt,
And Trade and Arms are ſtill our only Boaſt,
If *Gothique* Piles a Pomp of Rudeneſs ſpread,
And, in that Rudeneſs, *Britain*'s Taſte is read;
Give us to copy *Boyle*'s ſuperior Skill,
And learn from him to remedy the Ill!
To know Proportion, Order, and Deſign,
And all his Graces which indeed are Thine!

SATURDAY, *April* 20.

The following Letter from Sallee, *gives a deplorable Account of the unheard of Tyranny, under which the miſerable* Moors *at this Time groan. It is dated from* Sallee, Feb. 20, *tranſmitted from thence by a Ship to* Marſeilles.

YOU have ſo often aſſured me how agreeable it would be to you to know ſomething of the Affairs of this Kingdom, that I have at length yielded to your friendly Importunities. Had I been ever ſo willing to have ſatiſfied your Curioſity, I could not immediately reſolve to do it, in the Fear I had of drawing ſome unlucky Diſaſter upon myſelf at this miſerable Court, if unfortunately my Letter ſhould be intercepted; this Prince being of a very diſtruſtful Temper, often ſacrificing the moſt familiar of his Friends on the ſlighteſt Suſpicions. He has ſought to eſtabliſh his Throne by ſhedding the Blood of his beſt, and I may ſay, the faithfulleſt of his Subjects; none of which dare ſo much as ſpeak of his unheard-of Cruelties. I do not think, however, that this Tyranny can hold long. I ſhould make this Letter too tedious, to mention half of the execrable Crimes of which he is guilty. Let it ſuffice for the preſent, that on the 29th paſt, he cauſed the Throats to be cut of 72 of the Lords of his Court, in his own Preſence, among whom was the Baſhaw of his Army, all whoſe Eſtates, to a conſiderable Value, were immediately ſeiz'd. The Children of the Baſhaw, fearing the like Fate with their Father, fled to one of the Moſques, where they have hitherto found an Aſylum, but I can't tell how long this Sanctuary will laſt them; for the Day after this Maſſacre, a Captain of one of his Ships, that happened to be forced aſhore, by an *Engliſh* Ship, upon the Coaſt of this Kingdom, having taken Refuge in another Moſque, was drawn from thence, bound Hand and Foot, and brought before him, and 'twas only by the Interceſſion of the Queen-Mother that his Life was obtained, not without promiſing to equip, at his own Expence, a Ship of equal Force, to that which he had loſt. This Captain afterwards informing the King of ſome Miſbehaviour of his 1ſt Miniſter, he was, by his Command, faſtened to a Mule's Tail, and dragg'd thirty Paces, and then unty'd, and his Neck flayed. He is yet alive, but 'tis believed he will die of the Wounds and Bruiſes he has received. From the 5th to the 8th of *February* the Governors of his Provinces ſend in their uſual Preſents, which amount to at leaſt 200 Mules, and from 20 to 25 Quintals of Money, with a golden Sabre. When the Preſent is not ſo conſiderable, the Governor makes an Addition of his Head, which is taken without Mercy, but it is eſteemed a great Act of Grace when, on ſuch an Occaſion, he is only condemned to a perpetual Impriſonment. A few Weeks ago, this cruel Prince, upon a mere Suſpicion, killed with his own Hand eight of the Wives of the King his Father, which he kept in his Seraglio. Two Pages about the ſame Time, that had been guilty of a ſmall Fault, he put to Death, and cut off an Arm of a third, but perceiving afterwards that he was a little unhandy with one Arm, the Tyrant finiſhed the miſerable Creature, by ſhooting him thro' the Head with a Piſtol. After that he cauſed 250 of his Soldiers to be maſſacred, for failing in an Enterprize he ſent them upon, which was to poſſeſs themſelves of a Camp of the Rebels. This Prince never marches without being ſurrounded with 500 Maſagarins (Blacks) which ſerve him as the Inſtruments of his Cruelties. It is not above ten Days ago that, without any Reaſon as we know of, he barbarouſly employed the Miniſters of Vengeance to take away the Life of our old Governor's Son, and the Lives of four other young Lords. In ſhort he is become ſo dreadful to his Subjects, that all Shops are ſhut up in the Way he is to paſs, and every one ſeeks an Aſylum from ſo ſanguinary a Prince, who is the Butcher, rather than the Father of his People. The Trade and Commerce of this Place is abſolutely ruined, for the Merchants fly a Country filled with Abominations as this is.

Yeſterday N° 29,517 and 110,822, were drawn Prizes of 100 l. each.

Marriage. Yeſterday Colonel *Green* was married at *Chelſea* Church to Miſs *Watſon*, Daughter to *Paul Watſon*, of *Little Chelſea*, Eſq;

MONDAY, *April* 22.

On Saturday laſt M. *Duncan*, by Order of his Serene Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*, waited upon the Phyſicians, Surgeons, *&c.* who attended him during his late Illneſs, with Preſents of a conſiderable Value: The ſaid Gentleman alſo gave Rewards to ſeveral other Perſons who had been ſerviceable to his Highneſs during his Stay in this Kingdom.

On Thurſday laſt 160,000 *oz.* of Foreign Silver, and 11,000 *oz.* of Foreign Gold Coin, was entered at the *Cuſtom-Houſe* for Exportation to *Holland*, and put on board the *Chandos* Sloop.

On Saturday laſt N° 54,732 was drawn a Prize of 1000 l. and 123,521, 110,991, 24,417, each 100 l.

The Election of the 16 Peers for *Scotland* is appointed to come on the 4th of *June* next.

They write from *Dublin* of the 13th Inſtant, that on the Thurſday before the Bill againſt the Practiſing of *Popiſh* Solicitors, *&c.* was read and paſſed by the Lords, notwithſtanding the moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours to the contrary were uſed by the chief People of that Perſuaſion.

His Excellency the Count *de Montijo*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, has received an Expreſs from *Italy*, with an Account of the Progreſs *Don Carlos* has made in the Reduction of the Kingdom of *Naples*. When his Royal Highneſs was arriv'd within a few Miles of *Naples*, he was met by four Deputies with the Keys of that City, into which he made his Entry the ſame Day, with the loudeſt Acclamations of the People, and was pleas'd to confirm all their Liberties and Privileges. The Cities of *Gaeta* and *Capua* are the only Places that have not readily opened their Gates to him, and theſe are blocked up, the former both by Sea and Land, ſo that a Capitulation is ſoon expected. A Party of *Spaniſh* Troops have had a ſmall Rencounter with another of *Germans*, commanded by the Count *de Thaun*, and forced them to their Heels, leaving behind about eight kill'd and 17 wounded. The Count *de Montemar* having been informed that the *Imperial* Viceroy was retired towards *Manfredonia*, ordered a Detachment of Horſe, with each a Grenadier behind him, to go in Purſuit of him, but no Account was arrived of the Succeſs of the Expedition when the Courier went away.

The Kingdom of *Naples* has been poſſeſs'd in Turn by the *Goths*, *Lombards*, *Greeks*, *Saracens*, *French*, *Spaniards*, laſt of all the *Imperialiſts*, and now the *Spaniards* again. The Revenue was uſually reckon'd at three Millions of Ducats *per Annum*. The Chiefeſt of its fortify'd Places are *Gaeta* and *Capua*; the former by Nature and Art a Place of Strength, but the latter in no Condition to ſuſtain a Siege.

Preferments. His Majeſty has been pleas'd to grant unto Sir *Henry Houghton* Bart. the Office or Place of Advocate General, or Judge Martial of all his Majeſty's Forces, both Horſe and Foot, raiſed or to be raiſed for his Service, within that Part of *Great Britain* called *England*, in the room of *Edward Hughes*, Eſq; deceaſed.——The Lord *Cadogan* is appointed Commander of the Regiment of Dragoons lately commanded by the Earl of *Stair*.——Capt. *William Judd* is appointed a Cornet in the Royal Regiment of Horſe commanded by General *Evans*.——Mr. *Colby*, one of the Clerks in the Navy Office, is appointed Clerk of the Cheque at *Chatham*, in the room of Mr. *Parmiter*, deceas'd.

Marriage. On Sunday laſt Mr. *Cibber*, jun. Comedian, was married to Miſs *Arne*, a celebrated Singer.

Deaths. On Saturday laſt died at *Richmond* in *Surrey*, *James Nelthrope*, Eſq;——The ſame Day died, at his Houſe at *Parſon's-Green*, *Thomas Auſtin*, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the County of *Middleſex*, and formerly Sub-Governor to his late Highneſs the Duke of *Glouceſter*.

Bankrupts. William Gearing, of *Storrington* in the County of *Suſſex*, Chapman.——*William Barnſdale*, of the City of *Briſtol*, Merchant and Brewer.

TUESDAY, *April* 23.

Yeſterday Morning, about Seven o'Clock, the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*, attended by ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, went in their Chairs from St. *James*'s to *Whitehall*, and croſs'd the *Thames* to *Lambeth*, where the King's Coaches waited to receive them, and ſet forward to *Graveſend*, in order to embark on board the *Fubbs* Yacht for *Holland*.

The ſame Morning the Princeſs *Amelia*, attended by ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, and eſcorted by a Party of his Majeſty's Life-Guards, ſet out for *Bath* to make Uſe of thoſe Waters for the Recovery of her Health.

We are aſſured that his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*, after his Arrival in *Frieſland* and ſettling his Family there, will make a Campaign in the Army commanded by Prince *Eugene*; and that during his Abſence the Princeſs Royal will take a Turn to *Great Britain*.

Yeſterday two Women being committed to the *Gate-houſe* for Shop-lifting at a Mercer's near *Covent-Garden*, a Gang of eight Fellows ſtopt the Coach in *Weſtminſter*, and reſcued the Priſoners from the Conſtable and his Aſſiſtants.

On Saturday laſt one *Heath*, a Barber at *Puddle-Dock*, having ſome Words with his Wife, and in his Paſſion broke her Head, while ſhe went to a Surgeon to get a Plaiſter, he hung himſelf in his Shop.

On Sunday the Body of one *Samuel Polſton*, a Pavior, was found dead in *Marybone-Fields*, but without any Marks of Violence; and laſt Night the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat on his Body, and brought in their Verdict *Accidental Death*.

Sunday Night the Lord *Villiers*, the new-born Son of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Jerſey*, was baptiz'd at his Houſe in *Groſvenor-ſtreet*, by the Name of *Frederick*, his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* and the Earl of *Orkney* being Godfathers, and her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Bridgwater* Godmother.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 24.

Tueſday next is fixed for the Election of Members of Parliament for this Hon. City.

Laſt Monday Capt. *Reeves*, of the ſecond Regiment of Foot-Guards, ſhot himſelf, at his Lodgings in *Chancery-Lane*, *Fleet-ſtreet*.

The Wind not proving fair on Monday laſt for the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*, they return'd on Shore in the Evening, and lay at Dr. *Holker*'s. Yeſterday Morning their Highneſſes embark'd again, and din'd on board, in Expectation of the Wind's changing in their Favour.

The Crowds of People at *Graveſend* to ſee the Princeſs

Royal and the Prince of *Orange*, were the greateſt ever known there; and their Highneſſes being ſo indulgent as to dine Yeſterday in ſuch a Manner as to be conſpicuous to the People, the whole River was cover'd with little Yachts, Barges, Boats, and other Craft fill'd with Spectators from both Shores.

Yeſterday being the Feſtival of St. *George*, the Patron of *England*, the ſame was obſerv'd at St. *James*'s, when the Knights Companions of the Garter, Thiſtle and Bath, appear'd in the Collars of their reſpective Orders.

The ſame Day the new-born Son of the Hon. Col. *Schutz* was baptiz'd at his Houſe in *Groſvenor-ſtreet*, by the Name of *Richard*, when the Earl of *Scarborough* and the Lord *Catherlough* ſtood Godfathers, and the Lady *Gray* Godmother.

Yeſterday N° 2744, 24,851, and 109,194, were drawn Prizes of 100 l. each.

Preferment. The Hon. Col. *Lumley*, Brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Scarborough*, is appointed Avener and Clerk-Martial of his Majeſty's Stables, which Place has been vacant ever ſince the Death of Col. *Negus*.——His Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* has been pleaſed, upon the Recommendation of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Cheſterfield*, to appoint the Rev. Mr. *Chenevix*, Chaplain to his Lordſhip at the *Hague*, to be one of his Highneſs's Domeſtick Chaplains, and Mr. *Savier*, his Lordſhip's Steward, to be firſt Clerk of the Kitchen to his Highneſs, with a Salary of 200 l. *per Annum*.

Marriage. Laſt Monday *John Emerſon*, of *Putney*, Eſq; was married to Mrs. *Wood*, of *Fulham*, a Widow Lady of great Fortune.

Death. Laſt Week died, at his Houſe near *Preſton* in *Lancaſhire*, *Thomas Dowſe*, Eſq; in the 107th Year of his Age: In the Year 1648 he was Colonel of a Company in Garriſon at *Colcheſter*, and received ſeveral Wounds at the Surrender of the Garriſon to the Parliament.

THURSDAY, *April* 25.

Yeſterday Morning about Four o'Clock, a Fire broke out in the Houſe of Mr. *Perkins*, a Tallow-chandler in *King-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, ſaid to be occaſion'd by ſome Soot which was on Fire in the Chimney, and fell down into a Tub of Tallow, and burnt with ſuch Fury, the like was never ſeen, the Engines being there a full Hour before they could be ſupplied with Water; and in about three Hours Time the Houſes of Mr. *Perkins*, where it broke out, Mr. *Cheſterfield* a Baker, Mr. *Rutt* a Druggiſt, Mr. *Williams* a Silverſmith, Mr. *Sterkey*, Gent. and Mr. *Bliſs* a Cheeſemonger, were conſum'd, beſides many others damag'd; a Stack of Chimnies fell down upon ſeveral People who were aſſiſting to put out the Fire, and bruis'd them in a dangerous Manner.

Mr. *Bean*, Head Cryer of *Weſtminſter*, who came to the Aſſiſtance of the unfortunate Sufferers, had both his Thighs broke, was carried home on a Feather-Bed on a Bier, and died of his Wounds and Scorches Yeſterday in the Afternoon.

Yeſterday the Seſſions began at the *Old Bailey*, when 21 Priſoners were tried, two whereof were capitally convicted, *viz. Thomas Evans*, for ſtealing from *Manſell Alcock* a Parcel of Linnen, Value 29 l. 4 s. the Property of *John Wingfield*; and *William Jellard*, for breaking open the Houſe of *Gerrard Bothomley* in the Night, and ſtealing a Curtain. Twelve were caſt for Tranſportation, and ſeven acquitted.

The ſame Morning about Seven o'Clock, the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange* went from Dr. *Holker*'s at *Graveſend*, and embark'd on board the *Fubbs* Yacht, and the Wind coming fair, ſail'd from *Graveſend* for *Holland* at Eight, attended by the reſt of the Yachts.

Yeſterday about Twelve o'Clock, their Majeſties and their Royal Highneſſes the Duke and the Princeſſes remov'd from St. *James*'s to *Richmond*.

The ſame Day N° 38,667 was drawn a Prize of 1000 l. and 42,431, 82,166, 98,571, and 110,310, each 100 l.

On Monday laſt, at the Races at *Newmarket*, the Earl of *Portmore*'s *Dunkirk* paid 200 Guineas Forfeit to the Duke of *Bridgewater*'s *Hazard*.

The Quo Warranto brought againſt the Charter of the City of *Cheſter* hath been ſet aſide by a Verdict, to the great Joy of the Citizens, and all others who are in the Intereſt of the *Groſvenor* Family.

Commitment. On Tueſday Night a Carpenter was committed to *Newgate* by Juſtice *Deveil*, for robbing Mr. *Richard Harriſton* and Mrs. *Suſanna Cooke*, in *Lamb*'s-*Conduit-Fields*, about Ten o'Clock on Saturday Night laſt, of Money and Wearing Apparel.

Preferment. Yeſterday his Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint Col. *Charles Howard*, Member in the late Parliament for the City of *Carliſle*, youngeſt Son of the Earl of *Carliſle*, to be one of his Majeſty's Aid de Camps, in the room of the Earl of *Albemarle*.

Death. On Tueſday laſt died Miſs *Halſey*, eldeſt Daughter to the Hon. Col. *Halſey*.

FRIDAY, *April* 26.

The Lady *Southwell* is ſet out with the Princeſs Royal and Prince of *Orange* for *Frieſland*, but his Lordſhip continues here, he having no Employment under their Royal Highneſſes.

Laſt Tueſday Night Mr. *Boſworth* had gain'd two on that Day's Scrutiny, which makes the whole Number gain'd by him on the Scrutiny 37.

The Right Hon. Sir *Robert Walpole* is appointed by his Majeſty to act as Secretary at War, during the Interval of Parliament, and the Abſence of Sir *William Strickland* in the North.

Letters from *Stafford* ſay, there has been great Diſputes and Quarrelling between the Soldiers there and the Town's People, and that ſeveral were hurt and wounded.

At the Aſſizes held at *Preſteign* for the County of *Radnor*, one *David Williams* was capitally convicted for feloniouſly ſtealing ſeveral Oxen, and receiv'd Sentence of Death accordingly; but before the Judges left that Place, he was repriev'd in Order for Tranſportation.

At the Aſſizes at *Brecon* ſeveral Perſons were tried, but none capitally convicted.

At the Aſſizes held at *Cardiff* one *Mary Reeves* was capitally convicted, for breaking into the Houſe of *Joan Sweeting*, in the Night Time, and ſtealing from thence Wearing Apparel to a conſiderable Value, one Guinea in Gold, ſome Silver, *&c.* but was reprieved for Tranſportation.

A few Days ſince the Lord *Noſſau Pavolet*, by his Majeſty's Leave, ſold his Troop in the Regiment of Blue Guards to Captain *Maddin*, for three thouſand Pounds.

We hear from *Bath*, that on Monday laſt they began to erect the Obeliſk given by Mr. *Naſh*, to perpetuate the Recovery of his Serene Highneſs the Prince of *Orange*. 'Tis a Deſign of Mr. *Kent*'s, and will be finiſhed in a very grand Manner: The Height of it will be 30 Feet, and enriched with his Highneſs's Coat of Arms, and an Inſcription; the Whole to be encompaſſed with Iron Rails.

They write from *Reading*, that on the Arrival on Monday laſt of the Princeſs *Amelia*, in her Way to *Bath*, her Highneſs was attended by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Clergy, and Gentlemen of the Corporation, when *John Abery*, Eſq; the preſent Mayor, addreſſed himſelf to her Highneſs in the following Words, and were moſt graciouſly received.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

Under the auſpicious Government of the beſt of Kings, we are glad of all Opportunities of ſhewing the moſt dutiful Regard to every Branch of his illuſtrious Family. We wiſh your Highneſs all imaginable Felicity, an agreeable Journey, and that the Waters of the *Bath* may have the deſired Effect, and contribute to the perfect Eſtabliſhment of your Highneſs's Health.

Tueſday being St. *George*'s Day, the Rev. *Nathaniel Hough*, D. D. Rector of the Pariſh of St. *George the Martyr* in *Southwark*, did (as Proxy for his Majeſty, with ſeveral of the Gentlemen Truſtees for rebuilding the ſaid Church) aſſiſted by Mr. *Price* the Architect, lay the firſt Stone on the North Weſt Corner of the new-intended Church, on which is to be the following Inſcription.

D. S.
Sereniſſimus Rex Georgius Secundus
Per Deputatum ſuum
Reverendum Nathan. Hough, D. D.
Hujus Parochiæ Rectorem
Fiduciariis ejuſdem Eccleſiæ digniſſimis
Eum una comitantibus
Et Adjuvante Johan. Price Armig. Architecto
Primum hujuſce Eccleſiæ Lapidem
(Regio Juſſu) poſuit
Aprilis Die XXIII. Annoq; Dom. MDCCXXXIV.
Et Regni Sui VII.

The Wind having continued fair ſince the Yachts ſail'd from the River, 'tis concluded that the Royal Pair arriv'd Yeſterday Morning in *Holland*.

Alexander Hume, of *Sackville ſtreet*, Eſq; who married the Daughter of the late Sir *Thomas Frederick*, had the Misfortune to break one of his Legs, by the overturning of his Chariot, as he was returning from *Dartford* in *Kent* laſt Wedneſday.

Laſt Night arrived at the *Eaſt-India* Houſe the Purſer of the *Lethieullier*, Capt. *Shepherd*, from *Bengall* and *Maderas*, who left that Ship ſafe off *Falmouth*, being richly laden in the *Eaſt-India* Company's Service: He has brought an Account of the Loſs of the *Eyles*, Capt. *Winter*, in *Bengall* River, on the 16th of *July* laſt, on her Return to *Maderas*: She had little in her for the Company's Service, except Red-Wood and Salt-Petre, which was all ſaved, together with her Stores; as likewiſe the Captain, Officers, and all the Ship's Company, who are come home by this Ship.

Yeſterday the following Numbers were drawn Prizes of 500 l. each, *viz.* 49,855 and 115,466.

Yeſterday at the Seſſions at the *Old Bailey*, the three following Perſons were capitally convicted, *viz. Maſſey Hornby*, for the Murder of her Baſtard Child; *William Fletcher*, Cook to Mr. *Page*, for forging ſeveral Receipts; and *John Green*, for Burglary.

Laſt Tueſday five young Mares ſtarted at *Newmarket* for the Noblemen and Gentlemens Contribution, four Miles for 700 Guineas, and came in as follow, *viz.* the Lord Viſcount *Lonſdale*'s Mare firſt; his Grace the Duke of *Somerſet*'s Mare ſecond; Sir *Michael Newton*'s Mare third; his Grace the Duke of *Devonſhire*'s Mare fourth; and his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*'s Mare laſt.

Yeſterday his Majeſty's Ship the *Britannia*, a firſt Rate, on board which Sir *John Norris* is to hoiſt his Flag, took in 120 Braſs Guns, beſides a conſiderable Number of Mortars, which by Order of his Majeſty were purpoſely caſt at *Woolwich* for the ſaid Ship: The ſame Day ſhe fell down for *Black-Stakes* to take in her Hands, and from thence proceed to the *Nore* to take in the Admiral.

Deaths. Yeſterday died the Hon. Mr. *Cholmondeley*, a fine young Gentleman of about 15 Years of Age, Son of the Right Hon. the Lord *Cholmondeley*.——The ſame Day died, at her Houſe in *Thrift-ſtreet*, *Soho-Square*, the Hon. the Lady *Monſon*, Relict of the late Sir *William Monſon*, Bart.

Members choſen for the enſuing Parliament.

Aldborough,	Capt. Purvis.
	William Conolly, Eſq;
Amerſham,	—— Marſhal, Eſq;
	—— Lutwych, Eſq;
Ayliſbury,	Alderman Champion.
	Chriſtopher Towers, Eſq;
Clipping Wycomb,	Harry Waller, Eſq;
	Sir Charles Vernon.
Bramber in Suſſex,	Sir Henry Gough, Bart.
	Capt. Harry Gough.
Buckingham,	George Chamberlayne, Eſq;
	Richard Grenville, Eſq;
Gatton in Surrey,	William Newland, Eſq;
	Paul Dockminique, Eſq;
Hyth,	William Glanville, Eſq;
	Hercules Baker, Eſq;
Hertford Town,	Sir Thomas Clarke.
	Nathaniel Braſſey, Eſq;
Horſham in Suſſex,	Charles Eversfield, Eſq;
	Henry Ingram, Eſq;
Malmſbury,	Giles Earle, Eſq;
	William Rawlinſon Earle, Eſq;
Great Marlow,	Sir Thomas Hoby, Bart.
	Edmund Waller, Eſq;
Middleſex,	Sir Francis Child, Knt.
	The Hon. Wm. Pulteney, Eſq;
Oxford,	Thomas Rowney, Eſq;
	Mr. Recorder Skinner.
Portſmouth,	Admiral Philip Cavendiſh.
	—— Lewis, Eſq;
Queenborough,	Sir George Saunders
	Richard Evans, Eſq;
Reading,	Richard Potteneger, Eſq;
	Henry Grey, Eſq;
Rye,	Sir John Norris.
	Philip Gybbon, Eſq;
Sandwich,	Sir George Oxenden, Bart.
	Joſiah Burchett, Eſq;
Stockbridge,	Sir Humphry Molineux, Bart.
	John Montagu, Eſq;
Wallingford,	Robert Hucks, Eſq;
	Thomas Towers, Eſq;
Wendover,	John Hampden, Eſq;
	—— Boteler, Eſq;
Weſtminſter,	William Clayton, Eſq;
	Sir Charles Wager, Knt.
Windſor,	Lord Vere Beauclerck.
	Lord Sidney Beauclerck.
Woodſtock,	The Hon. John Spencer, Eſq;
	James Dawkins, Eſq;

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris, *April* 30. N. S.

'TIS now reported in good Earneſt, that *Dantzick* is in Danger; the Winds have been ſo adverſe to our Tranſports, and at the ſame Time ſo favourable to the *Ruſſians*, that we fear the Succours ſent to King *Staniſlaus* will arrive too late, or, perhaps, have their Landing diſputed. 'Tis prudent to fear the worſt; for which Reaſon, as we hear, our Miniſter at the Court of *Berlin* has engag'd his *Pruſſian* Majeſty to grant King *Staniſlaus* a ſafe Retreat into his Territories, in Caſe he ſhould be oblig'd to quit *Dantzick*, and to receive him with all the Honour due to the Father-in-Law of the moſt *Chriſtian* King.

Milan, *April* 17. N. S. Beſides the Body of *French* Troops at *Colorno*, there is a ſecond at *Pozzolo*, and a

Third at *Cazal Maggiore*. The *Piedmonteze* form a separate Camp along the River *Adda*. All these Troops are so posted, that they can join upon a very short Notice, in Case the *Imperial* Army should venture to attack the Allies, which we are assur'd they have received Orders to do, and accordingly wait every Moment for News of some important Action.

Dantzick, April 20. The *Russians* have not yet possess'd themselves of any considerable Post; the Fire of our Cannon does three Times the Execution of theirs; we have likewise Plenty of Provisions; we keep our Communication open with Fort *Wechselmunde*, by Means of small Boats that frequently pass and repass, in spight of the *Russian* Batteries. 'Tis reported, that the Magistrates having represented to King *Stanislaus*, that if the Succour they expected did not arrive before the 1st of *May* next, they should be obliged to capitulate, his Majesty assured them, that he had Advice from *France* that the said Succour was actually at Sea. A Vessel is arrived here with 50 Recruits from *Sweden*.

Amsterdam, April 30. The Project which its pretended the *French* are about to execute, of an Irruption into *Saxony*, begins to make a great Noise in *Germany*; and many draw from that Design the Motives of King *Augustus*'s sudden Return to *Dresden*. They write from *Hanover*, that the March of the 6000 Men of that Electorate which the Emperor is to take into his Pay, in Order to serve on the *Rhine*, has been suspended, but for what Reason is unknown; and that an Alarm has been spread through all the neighbouring Countries to *Saxony*, who are putting themselves on their Guard. The March of the 10,000 *Prussians* designed for the *Rhine*, is likewise put off; but People make Conclusions from thence of a different Nature, and impute that Incident to the prevailing Force of the *French* Arguments, not to any Apprehensions of the *French* Forces.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

L. Coindrieav, *at the* Case of Knives *Toy and Cane Shop in* New Round-Court, *near St.* Martin's *Church in the* Strand, *giveth Notice*,

THAT he has a Composition of a fine METTLE that comes the nearest to Gold of any, both for Colour and Wear: He has Variety of Cane Heads done by the best Hands, which are the most in Wear. By being handled and rubb'd must prove the Goodness of the METTLE yet extant; and doubts not that those Gentlemen that have made use of them by him, will testify the same.

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N. B. Where likewise may be had, Mr. Sturt's fine Folio Cuts, being very proper to bind up with any of the Histories of the Bible published weekly.

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Receive my Instruction and not Silver, and Knowledge rather than the choicest Gold. PROV. Chap. VIII. Verse 10.

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By *JOHN ATKINS*, Surgeon.

Quam quisque norit artem in hac se exerceat. Cic.

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